## WAYS OF THE WOODCOCK.

CHASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS BIRDS IN SOUTHERN FORESTS.

Legends Arising from Their Peculiar Habits-Great Numbers Still in the Woods-The Best Way to Cook Them Shooting That Requires Knowledge and Skill.

BENTON, La., April 20.-Because he feeds at night and flies by night, dwelling in the thickeat of covert in the daytime, the woodcock is the most mysterious bird within the knowledge of the local naturalists. The negroes have a hundred legends about him and many of the whites believe strange things of this member of the snipe family. It is difficult, for instance to persuade the North Louisiana farmer that the female woodcock does not carry her young upon her back in journeying from place to place, or that the male does not once a year make a trip across the Atlantic for some pecuhar purpose. This latter belief is not confined to this region, but is shared by the unedueated in all parts of the Union, though the most casual look at the woodcock's wings will show instantly that it is not a bird fitted for so extraordinary a flight. He does cover immense distances each migrating season, but in installments of not more than eight hours each. These flights are made always between sun and sun. Consequently, the birds are never seen on their northward journey in the spring, and from this fact arises the general error obtaining here that they breed in this latitude. There is no doubt that instances are to be found of woodcocks raising broods in the South, but they are only exceptions to the rule. Probably such couples are an inaccidentally. It may happen, too, that a bird is ill when migration time comes around, finds himself unequal to keeping up with his kin-dred, falls further and further behind each day, and ends finally by stopping altogether, Birds get sick and die, or get sick and get well.

So far as is known the woodcock is the only member of the ornithological tribes whose female is larger, stronger and more pugnacious than the male. Among them there is no such thing as women's rights. The females have all the rights and the males have not the spirit to protest. A female woodcock has no use for the male except that he aids her in producing a brood. Once the eggs are laid he is sent out t bring in food for the sitting mother, and works with cringing industry. This duty he keeps up all the nesting season. He is not permitted at any time to sit on the eggs. When the chicks are out of the shell he is sent packing about his business. His wife will not allow him to care for them or to associate with them; the chil dren disown their father. By this time he is poor in flesh and worked to a frazzie. Worn with the cares of matrimony, he is eager to achieve his freedom, and instances are rare in which he must be chastised before agreeing to administered promptly and effectively.

Woodcock nest for the most part in Canada

and in the far northern parts of the United States. They breed in all the States of New The chicks get out of the shells late in May and shooting begins in July. The mother mani fests a deep attachment to her offspring, and cares for them with singular assiduity. She has not, however, the trick of shamming a broken wing in order to throw marauders off the scent, a trick that is common to every member of the gallinaceous family. There are few handsomer things than woodcock chicks. Their little bodies are plump and round and marked in bands like the young quail. Their abnormally long bills and large eyes give them a quaint appearance. They are what the women calleute. They have the secretive faculty highly developed. Their mother does not have to teach them to hide. They will lie still enough sometimes to be stepped on. They are never at a greater distance than ten feet from the parent intil old enough to shift for themselves. The note is a faint peep! peep! not unlike that which comes from a little chicken, and the voice does not grow proportionately stronger Indeed, the vocal organ of the woodcock is the most inadequate thing about the bird. When full grown and flushed suddenly he will emit a sort of faisetto whine, broken into staccato that is inaudible at a distance of thirty yards. In this he differs from his congener, the jacksnipe, whose rangous scape! scape! when it flight may be heard a half mile away on a still hot day. The woodcock grows rapidly, and is large enough to be shot within four weekof his exit from the shell. He remains northern latitudes until the first hint of frost. Then he journeys southward at night. weraging in repeated short flights not mor than fifty miles in the twenty-four hours. He until April, outstaying the snipe and all the other wild fowl. Contrary to general impression. it is not a bird of high flight when migrating jacksnipe, also a night flyer, travels up next to the stars, but the woodcock is seldom more than 200 feet from the ground. He descends frequently for rest and food. In the pauses of migration he is like many other of the game emigrants from the north. If he finds a place to suit him, a wet swampy district with plenty of cover, he will stay until the cold, also travelling downward, has warned him to move on. In this way he sometimes occupies two months in the trip from Canada to the Gulf.

The winter distribution of the woodcock is very wide. The blids are plentiful in places as high up as the middle line of Georgia and go as far south as the upper portions of South America. He has not been known to reach the Orinoco, a stream that in January flows past banks that are lined with the North American golden and upland plover. The woodcock shot here in the cold months were all hatched in New England. New York and other middle States. There has been a growing impression in that part of the most delicious of American game birds was them which settle in Louisiana do not out this belief. In coming down the birds follow the general line of the Atlantic coast. Indeed, all migrating birds have some such glant landmark, an ocean, a river like the Mississippi, a chain of mountains like the Rockies, and their inerrancy is by no means so wonderful as it appears. The woodcock, of course, has not sense enough to shape his course by the stars, and, since he flies only at night, he has to have something big for guid-ance. The Northwestern birds go to Texas, New Mexico, old Mexico, and Arizona. two great broods of them-the Eastern and the Western-are never mixed.

As for the number of them they are almost past credence. The woodcock is essentially a hider. If a man goes through a certain stretch of swamp land and bags twenty in a day, having shot possibly at fifty, he may make up his mind that he walked within fifty yards of a thousand of them that he never saw. They are not birds that go in bevies. Flushing one no presumptive evidence that there is another in the neighborhood. They are distinetly unsocial and they get together only in migrating times. Even then the separate nds of them rarely exceed more than twenty individuals. The fact that they are in this State in hundreds of thousands in the winter time is evidenced by the appearance of the morning these fields show thousands upon thousands of holes made by the long bills of the woodcock that have been boring for the worms that form their only diet. By daylight all of them will have retired to the swamp. The fact that they feed almost wholly at night, and the further fact that they have very large eyes first gave the negroes the idea of hunting them by firelight, as a deer is hunted. This is the only way in which a negro ever gets woodcock. He walks along the cotton rows after dark, bearing a brazier flifed with lighted pineknots on his head. The round black eye of the borer is "shined" ten feet away. His bill is four inches in the ground and he never thinks of flight. A thimbleful of powder and a pinch of No. 8 shot do the rest. Woodcock, or as the French call them, becasses, are slain in this manner literally by the thousand every night in lower.

Louisians. The dead birds are retailed to passing steamboats at five cents each, the purchasing steward getting a pound of the most delicious flesh in the world for that trifling sum. In Northern markets the birds are worth \$2 a pair. That is another working of the law of supply and demand.

The meat of the woodcock is all dark. It is tender, ; not mushy, having a delightful firm springiness. It possesses all the delicacy of the quail without its dryness; is as rich as the snipe without a suspicion of rankness. Its juices are idville and it is of exactly the right size, in that four of the birds are enough for a hungry man without being too much. Resaurant cooks are inclined to broil the woodcock, but this is a mistake so grave that it amounts almost to a crime. Light flaky dough should be moulded into a pan large enough at the bottom to permit of four of the woodcock being laid in it on their backs. Their heads should be in the centre, which will cause the long bills to project upward in a bunch. They should be salted sufficiently and then liberally dusted with paprika. Water should be poured on them until they are half way submerged. Reverently add four tablespoonfuls of Madeira, or a high-class port. Cover with a thick crus of dough, permitting the bills to project through its centre. Bake slowly. The aroma which will arise from this pie when its brown lid is delicately cut is not describable. The peculiar habitat of the bird and his

corkscrew flight make him probably the most

remains always in thickets, copses or canebrakes. He must have moist ground upon which to sleep and in which to do his occathe South means always dense undergrowth the woodcock are so thickly overgrown that a rabbit finds difficulty in getting through. In such places the hunter sends in his cocker spaniel, if he has one, knowing that the dog will flush the bird with his shrill, constant barking, and trusting to luck to get a shot as the woodcock clears the tops of the trees or canes. Generally, however, a man and a cointer may work their way through almost inything that grows in shape of woods and the difficulties of it lend to the sport a peculiar ascination that does not pertain to any other orm of American shooting. It is a characteristie of the woodcock that he will not fly far horl contails when disturbed. He does not see well even in the shadow of the oaks and cypresses. and he fears that if he lets himself out in a straight line he will run into something. At night he sees as well as an owl. His flight, consequently, when he rises before the heavy read of the pointer's owner, or before the yelp of the spaniel, is confined to a spiral shoot straight upward and a drop to earth almost as perpendicular. If not struck he will hit the ground probably not more than fifteen yards from where he left it. In case or other kind of swamp he might as well be a hundred yards away so far as any chance of shooting him is concerned. The flight is nothing like so fast as the buzzing dart of the quail or the widewinging zigzag of the jacksnipe, but it is

From the woodcock's point of view, he has ut one fault. That fault is to be found in the nstant's pause before the downward swoop is taken. For the fraction of a moment the bird hangs motionless between the shooter and the sky. Probably it is for a time not longer than he tenth part of a second, yet in that period the experienced hunter of woodcock will nail his quarry eight times out of ten, if a clear view is afforded. It is only a trick, and once monotonous. It is not everybody, however a nicety of judgment that do not belong to all There is nothing funnier, however than to walk with a first-rate open-field when he first tackies the woodcock in Louisiana cover and see him score miss after miss, while a far inferior workman, who knows the game, will fill his bag with exasperating rapidity. For this kind of shootdouble-barreled hammeriess, of sixteen gauge and cylinder bored. The stock should be straight, as all birds are fast risers, and the ommonest error is undershooting. No. shot are plenty large. The best dog is the thoroughly broken pointer. The small cocker gets through the undergrowth with more ease but he will not stand, and if a shot is obtained at one bird of every four flushed the man with the gun is in luck. The pointer should be of a light color-liver and white is good-because a dark dog is harder to find in the swamp. Most pointers are excellent retrievers, which is a necessary thing in swamp shooting, and when

There is a strong attraction in the deep gloom shooters are men of a solitary disposition. funereal fashion, and though one may hear the breeze moving through the tops of the trees one cannot see a twig move. The crack of the gun in the intense quiet seems doubly loud, and the man and the dog are drawn even more closely together. It is not unhealthful in the swamps in the winter, all of the malaria being held in abeyance by the frost, and there is nothing which will give a sportsman a keener appetite than a long day amid the vines, creepstart to ending.

ers and giant trunks. It is hard work from Although shooting woodcock in cover is trick or a knuck whose possession does not evidence remarkable skill, any more than its absence indicates a lack of it, the bird furnishes one form of sport wherein every quality of the crack shot is called into play. Just when the upper edge of the sun has sunk to within a half degree of the western horizon and the twilight gray steals over the hollows, the birds begin to forsake the recesses in which they have slept during the day, and seek the fields for their night of feasting. They rise straight up from the centre of the swamp to a height of 300

yards, then, with the long bills pressed against their breast feathers and with their wings bent forward and arched, they begin a down-grade shoot to the feeding grounds, two miles away. Under such circumstances they travel like bul-lets. The shooter takes his stand from 50 to 100 yards from the edge of the woods, with his back to them. He has his dog between his knees, because he will have no time to do any retrieving for himself. The birds pass over and he takes them, if he be wise, going from In this way the shot penetrate more easily through the thick coating of feathers and he gets more of a line shot. Shooting at crossing birds to the left or right is more difficult than any form of duck shooting known to man. The twilight here is very short. Within twenty minutes of the passing of the first woodcock it has grown too dark to see. Even at first the shadow of the trees lies heavy on the open spaces and the atmosphere is gray The birds lock like nothing so much as round, black balls hurtling through space To land them a man must be not only ready and quick, but he must be an exceptional judge of distance and he must learn from experience how far a crossing bird should be led. Such is their speed that the shooter who holds twenty feet in front of them will get more than he loses. In certain parts of Bossier parish, particularly along the edge of the Cypress Bayou swamp, this early evening flight of the woodcock is very heavy. Ordinarily, a man well placed will use up thirty him. This shooting, being the highest form of

## THE SNAKE BUFFALO HORSE

SOTHOOD EXPLOIT OF A PROMINENT MONTANA CITIZEN.

Wonderful Buffalo Runner Secured by a Blackfoot Indian-Trick Played on the Fur Trader-Joseph Kipp's Invasion of

an Indian Camp at Night When Only 14. KIPP, Mon., April 19.-In the spring of 1864 Indians from the great camp of the Blackfeet came to Fort Benton for the purpose of renewing their supply of powder and ball. They reported the camp as situated on the plenty, and said that the chiefs had decided to move in to the fort as soon as the women could finish tanning the winter's take of buffalo hides. The greatest piece of news they had to tell was about a buffalo horse they had captured during a battle with the Snake Indians Never before had any of the people seen an animal so beautiful, swift and well trained. So great were its powers of endurance that its owner. Owl's Head, had killed twenty-three buffalo in a single run. Without the guidance of a bridle it would swerve to the right or left. go here or there according to the swaying of the rider's body or the pressure of his knee.

In those days, when the only commerce o he country was the fur trade, a good buffalo runner was the most desirable and useful piece of property a man could own. The royageurs and other employees of the great trading company, therefore, listened with great interest to the stories these Indians had to tell about the horse, and each one determined to try to buy it. But had they only known it, they would not have wasted their time figuring on their chances. Major Steell, one of the partners of the firm, had himself determined to buy the animal. Not that he had any special need for it, but he loved to ride out on the plains with his men whenever his duties would permit a short absence from the fort, and when he did go he rode the best horse to be found in the land. He said nothing of his intentions, however, and bided his time.

One morning the people of the fort saw : long column of horsemen stringing down from the prairie into the wide flat across the river. warriors and medicine men of the Blackfeet. and hurried preparations were made to receive them with the pomp and show so dear to the Indian's heart. As the head of the column rode slowly down to the river and across the ford the cannon and howitzers in the bastion began to thunder a welcome, to which the Indians replied by firing their guns and singing song of war and triumph. Every one of them was decked out in all his war finery of embroidered buckskin, ermine fringe and fluttering plumes, and they presented an imposing sight as they rode their prancing horses up to the fort and dismounted at the gates. The heavy portals swung open, and the agent, Major Steell, himself, wearing a blue uniform and sword, stepped forth to greet them. After shaking hands with the whole party he invited them to the council room, where the great stone pipe was filled, lighted, and passed from hand to hand around the circle, each in turn taking a few whiffs of the smoke. The agent and the chiefs meanwhile exchanged the news of the day. The Indians told of the prominent members of their tribe who had died of illness or who had fallen in battle during the winter of the successes of their people against the enemy; of the large number of buffalo robes and pelts of beaver and wolf they had brought to trade for the white man's goods.

An hour clapsed, and the big pipe had been

refilled many times. At last the women of the fort appeared, bringing in huge kettles of boiled meat and sugared tea, pans of stewer dried apples and hard bread. Here was luxury indeed! Meat was almost the sole food of the Indians - and the whites, too - in those times : feast comprising sugared tea, hard bread and dried apples was something to be talked about and remembered for many a day to come. kettles and pans were soon emptied, and then the pipe was again lighted, and during the general talk which followed the agent asked Owl's Head for his buffalo horse. The Indian flatly refused to part with it for any consideration whatever, saying that he had risked his life in battle to capture it, and that he loved the animal as he did his children. Major Steell therefore said no more on the subject, and presently the Indians, having each received a present of tobacco, went out, and remounting their horses rode back across the river, where during their visit at the fort the great camp had moved in. Four hundred lodges now dotted the plain which had been desolate a few hours before. Thousands of horses were being

before. Thousands of horses were being driven to water or out on the hills to grave. From each lodge arrose the smoke of the newly lighted fires. Hundreds of chidren played and yelled along the shore of the river; women gossiped and laughed with one another; dogs barked, horses neighed.

Early the next morning the great trade began and lasted for a number of days. The warehouses were emplied of the goods they contained and reflied with robes and skins. The women strutted about in new gowns of bright-hued calico. Every one had a new blanket. The men bought new guns, saddles, belts, and knives; every one was happy.

One day, much to Major Steell's safrprise, Owi's Head entered his office and harding him the end of a lariat said: "Mo-yok ko-tas." (Here's your horse.)

Owl's Head entered his office and harding him the end of a lariat said: "Wo-yok ko-los." (Here's your horse.)

The agent went to the door, and sure enough found that the end of the lariat was fast to the most beautiful horse he had ever laid eyes on. Black as a coal, strong limbed and deep chested, with small head and delicately pointed ears, its neck arching gracefully as it pranced about restlessly at the end of the rawhide rope. It was the perfect embodiment of a switt and finely bred animal. It surely was of no Indian breed. The Snakes, from whom the Blackfoot had taken it, had, undoubtedly, got it in turn from some of the white settlements far to the south and east, or, perhaps, captured it from some luckless emigrant on the overland trail. The Major, however, only glances at the animal, for he did not wish to show the Indian how pleased he was. Ordering a passing employee to take the horse to the stables, he told Owl's Hend to accompany him to the trade room, where he gave him various articles of merchandse far exceeding in value any price which had ever been built just outside of the fort and were commanded by the cannon in two of the great bustions. Here the horse wond. Burning the daytime they were sent out on the prairie to graze in charge of a herder, who at this time was a boy of fourteen

with deannon in two of the great bastions. Here the horses owned by the company were shut up every night. During the daytime they were sent out on the prairie to graze in charge of a herder, who at this time was a boy of fourteen years named Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the prominent citizens and cattlemen of Moutann. When Josech Kipp, now one of the sak him out with the herd that evening the him and said:

Well, my boy, 'tve finally bought that Snake him out with the herd daily and warten him herd him closely until he has made (frends with the other horses. Hide him coessiously, enough to keep him in good trim, for I'm going to have a buffalo hunt before long. He careful, now, and so that you don't lose him, for without question he is the best from the wash, in great with the man you and so that you don't lose him, for without question he is the best break and warm the with the herse and with a most dejected sir.

Snake's gone,'' he said shortly, and with a saving capenity and then entered the Major's office with a most dejected sir.

Snake's gone,'' he said shortly, and with a saving capenity, lock if the with the herse the him the him highly.''

Yes, sir, said Joe. ''I'll watch him highly.''

Snake's gone,'' he said shortly, and with a saving capenity, how the hest him and her wash the with the him him highly.''

Snake's gone,'' he said shortly, an

quarrel with the Indians. Perhaps the Major soon forgot his loss; he had great affairs to keep his mind busy; but it was different with the boy Joe. During the short time he had kept Snake in his charge he had learned to love the beautiful animal, and longed to regain possession of it. Then again the taunts of old Four Bears, a great gossip, who was always riding back and forth between the camp and the fort, fairly set him wild. The old fellow brought almost daily reports of the number of buffalo Owl's Head was killing with the aid of his swift horse.

"Such a horse! Never was anything seen to compare with it. What power of endurance, what speed, what sagacity that wonderful horse has!" With a malicious leer he would say to Joe: "Ah, boy, you ought to see that horse. If once you saw him I know you would want to own him."

This was too much for Joe, and, his heart almost bursting with indignation and injured HEBREWS ON THE STAGE. OME REASONS FOR THE SUCCESS THEY

ARE MAKING AS HUMORISTS. Stage Jew Is Fast Driving the Stage Irishman and the Muste Hall Negro Into Innocuous Desuctude-A Search for an American Humorist and One Reason Why Jews Make Good Variety Actors.

The last few seasons have brought about such a tremendous change in the nature of nusic hall humor that it is hard to say which is the deader of the two-the stage negro or the stage Irishman. One fact alone is selfevident. The stage Hebrew is still on top, and it is he who by his natural originality and cleverness has helped to put many a nail in the coffins of his two rivals.

How often nowadays in a first-class musie hall do you see what is known as "burnt-cork artist?" Willis Sweatnam is the only one that can be remembered at the noment who continues to furnish the public with originalities. Lew Dockstader used to do so, but of late he has gone into the wholesale chestnut business, so that he threatens even to rival Mr. Press Eldridge in this respect.

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This was too much for Joe, and, his heart almost bursting with indignation and injured pride, he would rush from the room out into the cool night air lest he should be tempted to strike the old Indian dead where he sat. One evening Four Bears was more tantalizing than ever in his stories of the wonderful horse, and when, as usual, he drove Joe from the room, the boy went straight to the Major's office and asked to be excused from herding for a day of two, saying that he was not feeling very well; he did not dare say what he really wanted a holiday for, as he feared a refusal. Of course the Major granted his request and Joe left the office with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day. First he went to notify a man the Major had designated to take the herdout in the morning and then he repaired to the quarters of old Baptiste Rondin, the company's hunter, to consult with him about his plan, which was no less than the stealing of Suake out of the Biackfeet camp. The old copageur entered into his scheme with enthusiasm, and bidding his wife prepare a small sack of food and fill a canteen of water for the boy, he began to blan the proper course to pursue, Joe listening with the closest attention. When everything was in readiness, the two slipped out of the fort through the small gate, hurrled down to the shore of the river, where a skiff was tied, and in a few minutes Joe was safely landed on the opposite side.

There is a sense of location, of direction, possessed by all true plainsmen, at once undefinable and hexplicable. Joe had been told where the camp was located, and had often passed the place in times gone by; so now, as if by instinct, in the darkest of nights, without guide or landmark, he traversed the six or seven miles of rolling prairie between the two streams, and in the course of a couple of hours found him There are more colored performers on the stage than ever before, but their wit lies in their feet, and, apart from a certain Delsartian sort of fun which they manage to throw into their cakewalks, they make no attempt at humor. Then, again, there never was such a rage for "coon" songs as there is at the present time. But that proves nothing. The men and women who make the greatest hits in singing these songs appear almost invariably in white face. While as for the stage Irishman, his fate is even worse. There are two actors who can still make a comic Irishman endurable to a Broadway audience. One is John T. Keily and the other John Sparks, and even these two artists ometimes have a hard row to hoe nowadays in trying to raise a laugh. A good Irish song will always win immediate favor, but since the deaths of Harry Kernell and Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man, the "Irish sidewalk conversational ist" has become more or less of a back number For every good Irish or negro story that is told on the stage at present you will hear at leas ten good Jew tokes. This may be a small mat ing, and it is only another demonstration of the undeniable fact that the Hebrew is fast monopolizing nearly every department of the atrical affairs. As theatrical managers the Hebrews have always more than held their end up in New York, but it is only within the last three or four seasons that they have appeared so generally both as actors and comedians.

The only successful burlesque company tha New York has known in the last ten years is run by the Hebrews, who, although they hire playwrights to write their burlesques, owe most of the fun in them to their own sense of a stock company, ranks both as a beauty and an actress among the prime New York favor ites of the day is a Jewess, and only dropped because her manager feared that her name might handleap her chances of success. And at a Broadway theatre which makes a special ty of spectacular productions, by actual count it was discovered that nearly three-quarters of the chorus and ballet were made up of Hebrew women, all more or less comely and clever.

has been making a close study of the American stage this season remarked:

and, hoping he was not intruding in the haunt of some rattlesnake, suried himself up for a sleep with one hand resting on his rifle, ready for any emergency.

When the boy awoke it was broad daylight, and, peering through the bushes, he saw tho horses stringing out to both sides of the valley as the early rising women unfastened their tethers and turned them loose. Taking his telescope from its case, he carefully adjusted it and closely examined the horses already grazing out from the camp; then he looked among those still tethered in the village. His heart leaped as he discovered banke tied by the doorway of a red-painted lodge. A woman came out, unted the larrat, and, with long, graceful leaps, the beautiful animal hastened to join its mates on the other side of the stream. Joe watched them sadly as they moved up the side of the hill, stopping for a lite here and there as they went, for his chance to steal the horse that day was gone; he could not pessibly cross the valley without being discovered. He cut some of the brush in the centre of the patch and interlaced it in that standing about him to screen more effectually his hiding place, and then ate a little of the food he had brought along.

The hours dragged along slowly. The suncrent up in the sky and beat down on him unmereifully. The canteen of water was most precious now and he drank of it sparingly. All day long he lay there in the stifling heat, and it seemed as if night would never come. People came and went over the hills in nill directions, often passing close to the patch of brush. Once a couple of men came and sat right at the edge of it and conversed for a long time. Joe scarsely dared to breath for fear they would hear him, and he gave a great sigh of relief when they finally arose and what was made at a mand again he had mapped out the route from his hiding place and fiven in, watered and tied up about the lodges for the night. With his telescop Joe saw Owl's Head himself catch Snake, and after petting it and stroking its slower, and bathest can stage this season romarked:

"The hardest thing for a stranger to discover is what you Americans mean when you speak of American humor. I go to your theatres and I see for the most part plays by English authors or adaptations from the French." Nathan Haic, the one good American play I have seen this year, was charming, but it would scarcely come under the head of humor. I go to your most popular music hall and I haugh till my sides ache, over what? A pair of Dutch comedians. Again, at the same theater, I see a performance of a Hestor street fow which is inimitable, but the very point of his sketch lies in the fact that the mannat speak the language. Then I have that Nat Goodwin is a typical American comedian, but how can I be expected to believe that when I see him only in such a harrowing character as Nathan Hale? Then I rushed to the Casino. "A Dangerous Maid," was on the boards, but who were the stars? An English mimic and another toerman disject comedian. After that I went to see Mr. Crane, and I am now a sadder though no wiser man on the subject of American boards.

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A Georgia Negro's Four Days in a Well.

From the Carteriville News,

Since he lost his sight Paul has built the house in which he and his mothe reside and has conducted a small farm, as well

built the house in which he and his mother reside and has conducted a small farm, as will as driven a fish eart through the village for the property of the pr

Saleswomen.

mmmmmm

Standing, lifting, walking. Constantly alert to please.

Backaches no excuse for incivility.

/ Headaches and racking pains must be borne without complaint.

Successful saleswomen must be always smiling and pleasant!

The impossibility of being cheerful when suffering from some severe female trouble is so plain that the effort is itself a heroism. Mrs. Pinkham has helped thousands of girls

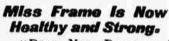
to retain their health under these trying circumstances and

her advice is offered free of charge to all who write to her for counsel. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Miss Nance Shobe, of Florence, Col., writes a letter to Mrs. Pinkham from which we

"I had been in poor health for some time, my troubles having been brought on by standing, so my physician said, causing serious womb trouble. I had to give up my work. I was just a bundle of nerves and would have fainting spells at monthly periods. I doctored and took various medicines, but got no relief, and when I wrote to you I could not walk more than four blocks at a time. I followed your advice, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier in connection with the Vegetable Compound and began to gain in strength from the first. I am getting to be a stranger to pain and I owe it all to your medicine. There is none equal to it, for I have tried many others before using yours. Words cannot be said too strong in praise

The pale faces in our stores showing evidences of suffering, belong to women who need help. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the remedy of a woman who understands the ills of her sex. It is a practical safeguard of woman's health. Women in all walks of life rely upon it. Excessive, irregular or painful menstruation and all the ills that accompany these troubles succumb to the scientific influence of this really great medicine.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I feel it my duty to write you in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I cannot praise it enough. Since my girl-

hood I had been troubled with irregular and painful periods, and for nearly five years had suffered with falling of the womb, and whites. Also had ovarian trouble, the left ovary being so swollen and sore that I could not move without pain. Now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, that tired feeling has all gone, and I am now healthy and strong." - Miss Polly Frame, Ileade, Kan.

Mrs. Tolle Gained Forty-five Pounds.

.. DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I take pleasure in writing to you of the good your medicine has done me. I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption. Had continual headsches, backache and falling of the womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked, and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight from 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."-Mrs. A. Tolle, 1946 Hilton Street, Philadelphia, Po.

More Than a Million Women Have Been

